

## The Marble Hill Press.

Hill & Chandler, Publishers.

**MARBLE HILL, MISSOURI.**  
Young widows are plentiful in Marble Hill. In fact, there are 42,564 widows who are under ten years of age.

It is the belief of some of the Chinese that the women who wear short hair will be transformed into men in the future world.

A new electric headlight for locomotives is so arranged that the rays can be thrown vertically into the air to a considerable height. The exact position and direction of a train can thus be made known even in the blizzards. The generator required for the headlight will also serve to light the cars.

Among the fests of a wild man on exhibition in Wichita, Kansas, the program stated that he would eat chunks of raw liver. He failed to do this, and the spectators wrecked the tent. A learned police justice upheld the act, stating that when people pay good money to see a man eat raw liver, they have the right to see him eat raw liver or know the reason why.

The formal invitation has been issued to Christians of all nations to take part in the world's conference of the Evangelical alliance at Hamburg, Germany, Aug. 27 to Sept. 1, 1901. It is signed by Count Bismarck and two pastors for the German committee, by three pastors and four laymen for the local committee of Hamburg, and by the presidents of the alliance, eastern, southern and Saxony.

H. H. Goodwin, aged 71 years, of Haskins, Benton County, and Mrs. Maude K. Mayfield, aged 17, of Haskinsville, were married by Probate Judge Gibson, recently in Warrenburg, Mo. The couple were accompanied to the city by George Mayfield, father of the bride, who gave his consent to the marriage. The couple left immediately after the ceremony in a carriage for their home at Haskins, a distance of fifty miles. The groom is a widower and farmer. The bride is a widow, having first married at the age of 15. She is a large woman, of smooth features, and looks much older than the age given.

Lightning struck the tent of a circus in Haskins, Mo., killing one elephant and injuring two others. The bolt struck the manager's tent just before 2 o'clock, when about fifty men and boys were in the tent. Five elephants, a dozen ponies, and two men were knocked over. The elephant, Barker, the trainer, says she died of fright. There was a heavy rain storm at the time and almost instantaneously and when four other elephants revived they were managed with difficulty. Ella was eight years old and was bought from Haskins. The other elephants were greatly distressed and tried to revive the dead one by slapping her with their trunks. One poked her into her mouth.

Philadelphia capital is to build a trolley line to connect Washington, D. C., with the famous old-time watering place at Point Lookout, on the north of the Potomac, where the river widens into Chesapeake bay. The air-line distance from the dome of the capitol to the beach at Point Lookout is less than 50 miles, but, because numerous small tributaries must be avoided, the trolley road will be about 90 miles in length. The line is capitalized for \$1,000,000. In the days before the war Point Lookout was a favorite resort. It was the anti-bellum Atlantic City. The hotels along the beach then ranked as among the finest on the seaboard. Congressmen and senators, ambassadors, and even presidents, sought relief from official cares at this ideal place, which was a winter resort as well.

A sensational elopement after the fashion set by the Princess Chimay has occurred at Balaton Fured, a summer resort in the Carpathians. Among the visitors were Prince Ivan Semonofski, described as a descendant of the former kings of Lithuania, with his two sons and a daughter, and 13. Their highnesses were in the habit of visiting a garden restaurant, where a Magyar play orchestra played. One evening Princess Olga Semonofski eloped with one of these musicians, an ugly, repulsive man, 49 years of age. Prince Semonofski and his two sons gave chase, but did not overtake the fugitive till near midnight. They administered chastisement to the man, who is likely to be remembered for his life, and gave the princess a loaded revolver, telling her she had dishonored their name. She committed suicide immediately, and was buried without much ceremony in the remote village where she was overtaken with her pipey lover.

While a number of workmen were executing repairs at the Palais de Luxembourg they discovered a number of valuable paintings concealed behind a tapestry. The question of the senate had them examined, and it was found that they are portraits of the three first presidents of the old Parliament of Paris and of De Thou, the famous judge who lived a century and a half ago. It is thought that these portraits were placed behind the tapestry during the Revolution in order to preserve them, and that they have remained there ever since.

An advocate of the metric system argues that our present weights and measures put us out of touch with the commerce of the world, except that of England, and even there he discovers some amusing discrepancies. The articles we send her, he notes, are mainly gold, sold by the ounce, which differs from the English ounce; petroleum, sold by the gallon, which differs from the English gallon; and meat and cotton, sold by the pound, which fortunately corresponds with the English pound.

"How should you like to have a bell on your neck and a stiff collar constantly chafing it?" was the pertinent question which a Massachusetts judge put to a man arrested for driving a sore-backed horse. Then, to stimulate legal imagination in the future, a fine of \$50 dollars was imposed.

Snails are used in Philadelphia to clean windows. The snail is dampened and placed upon the glass, where it at once moves around and devours all insects and foreign matter, leaving the pane as bright and clear as crystal.

## The Scourge of Damascus

A Story of the East.  
By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

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CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)  
"I hope you have rested well," said the chief, approaching the princess. "I have slept, sir," she replied, trembling as she looked into his dark face.

"Then you are ready to resume your saddle. We will ride before the heat of the noonday sun is upon us." "You will not claim us for companions further, I trust."

"Only while our roads lay together, lady. Surely you cannot object to that."

"But I wish to go to the bank of the Phasphar." "Just as I expected; so I shall not be disappointed. Your horses are so ready. I will have them brought this way."

The guard had already been placed upon a horse, and Ulla was then bidding him to a saddle. What did this mean? Hardly knowing what she did, Ulla suffered herself to be lifted into the saddle; and in a few moments more Albia was by her side.

"Why have you bound Shabal to his seat? That he may ride safely. He is a bounding fellow, and might tumble off if he were not secured. But don't let that worry you."

### CHAPTER XVI.

The Strange Horseman.  
At this moment the guard came near to the place where his mistress sat, his horse having moved off his own accord, and as she turned towards him he spoke to her.

"My dear good lady, they lie to you when they tell you that they mean you no harm. I have heard them talk and I know their plans. We are all to be sold into slavery in the kingdom beyond the Syrian desert!"

"Mercy!" cried Ulla, turning pale as death and clasping her hands in agony. "O, my dream! my dream!"

"Easy, fair lady," said Albia. "This black rascal knows not what he says. I allowed him to speak so that I might see how his mind ran."

"It is false," exclaimed Shabal. "I heard them lay the plan. You, my mistress, are to be sold for a—"

The guard's speech was stopped by two of the robbers, who threw him back upon his horse, and stopped his mouth with their hands.

"Sir robber," cried Ulla, stretching her hands out towards him, "deceive me no more. I think my poor slave has told me the truth."

"A pest upon the slave, lady! His tongue shall come out by the roots if he speaks again without my leave. Stick to your saddle, and keep up your courage."

As the Arab spoke he leaped upon the back of his horse, and he the princess could ask another question, the party was upon the move, the order of arrangements being the same as before.

"We are not going towards the Phasphar," said Ulla. "No," replied Albia. "We are going the other way."

"Then Shabal told us the truth," "Alas, dear mistress, I dare not say."

"But you think so?" "I cannot deny it."

"And you thought so before you heard Shabal speak?" "I feared something of the kind."

Albia overheard the girls as they thus conversed, and he was presently by their side.

"Lady Ulla," he said, and he spoke sternly and sharply; "you are now on the move, and when you stop again it will be far away from Damascus. I owe something to the officers of that city, and I will repay a part of the debt by taking you away from them. You are to go just as far as I please to take you; and the more quietly you go the better it will be for you; so you had better begin to accommodate yourself to the circumstances."

He rode back to his place and Ulla grasped the bow of her saddle for support.

"Courage," said Albia, riding as near as she could. "There may be some way to escape. The good spirits will not desert us."

The princess heard the words, and they had a marked effect upon her. She had naturally a strong resolution, and when she was once resolved to bear up, her strength was not long in coming to her assistance. On the present occasion she knew that she had heard the worst. In fact, she had reason to believe that her captor meant for her the most dreadful fate to which one in her station could be subjected. For a while she was completely stunned by the fearful blow; but as she came to reason with herself, she saw that her only hope was in escape. The Arabs were low, brutal and sordid, and would sell her for gold. She could read in their evil faces that they were not to be touched by sympathy. What then could she do? She must get away from them. And if this was to be done she must summon all her energies to the work.

But, alas! the case looked hopeless enough; what could two weak girls do against such odds? Only some interposition beyond their own efforts could save them. So, after all, if help was to come, it must come from some unknown source. And could such help be found? If fervent prayers could be answered, and if the most holy need could be met, it might be hoped for.

At the end of some two or three hours the party came to a thick grove of palms; near which was a spring, and here they stopped just long enough to water the horses. They had started on again, and were at some little distance from the grove, when one of the Arabs who rode in the rear, came forward and informed his leader that a horseman was following them. Albia looked back and saw that the stranger was a black, and that he rode a swift and powerful horse.

"He wishes to overtake us," said the fellow who had come from the rear.

"Then he must ride for it," returned the chief. "I cannot stop. I wonder where he came from."

"When I first saw him, he seemed to have just emerged from the grove." In a short time the strange horseman had come so near that the light of his eyes could be seen, and Albia saw that he had a most unusual appearance; so he concluded to drop behind and find out what was wanted, especially desiring that the men should not see what manner of prizes he had in charge, at least until his character was known. The robbers were directed to slacken their speed a little, but to keep on their course, and having given this order, the chief turned his horse's head and rode back; and ere long he was within speaking distance of the stranger, who proved to be a stout, well-made man, with a face as black as night.

"Hullo!" cried Albia, riding in his horse. "Who are you?" "I am king of this plain," replied the African, at the same time raising in his own horse; "and I have come to see who those trespassers upon my domain. Who are you?"

The Arab hesitated in his answer, as he supposed the black must be a spy.

"Who are you, and what sort of company do you lead?" cried the African.

"I lead my own company; and if you want anything, come and get it," answered the Arab.

"I want nothing but to know who you are; and the next time you come this way, be sure and stop again at the grove of the date-palm. I will have a banquet prepared for you."

Thus speaking, the stranger wheeled his horse in a broad circle, and started back towards the place whence he had come.

Albia rode back to his party, and when they asked him what manner of man he had met, he replied that it was only a poor crazy fool, who imagined that he owned the broad plain upon which they were traveling.

"He is worth capturing," suggested one of the robbers.

"We could not capture him if we would," said the chief. "He rides a better horse than we own."

While the Arabs were gazing back after the retiring horseman Albia drew close to the side of his mistress and spoke, quickly and excitedly:

"Did you recognize him?" "Whom?"

"The crazy man who followed us." "No."

"It was Omir!" "Omri!"

"Hush! Not a word. As sure as I live it was Omir; and be assured we have help at hand."

"But he has gone." "Aye, for he only came out to see who we were. Be sure he has recognized us."

Ulla felt her heart bound up with springing hope; and her next prayer was uttered with returning faith in heaven's protecting power.

### CHAPTER XVII.

By the banks of the Phasphar. Half an hour after Albia had resumed his place at the head of his troop, the same robber who had before come from the rear, again rode to the front, this time bringing intelligence that a number of horsemen were pursuing them. The chief drew his horse aside and looked back, and saw a number of men coming. They were well mounted, and seemed to be in hot pursuit.

"There is something more than accident in this," said Albia. "The fellow is with them who followed us before."

"Two of those men are white," remarked the robber who had ridden up to the rear. "What can they want of us?"

"Never mind," returned the chief. "If they want us, let them catch us. And if, beyond that, they want more, let them make their wants known."

Thus speaking, the Arab leader rode forward with increasing speed. Ever and anon he cast his eye behind him, and it was long evident that the strangers were rapidly gaining upon him.

"We may as well stop now as at any time," said Albia, addressing the man who rode by his side. "I will halt and ascertain what these fellows want. It is about time our horses had a breathing spell."

At a simple order from his chief, the Arabs wheeled their horses in a circle, bringing up in line, facing their pursuers, with their prisoners in the rear.

"Who are you that thus pursue and stop me?" demanded Albia.

"I am Julian, the Scourge of Damascus!" replied the foremost of the opposite party.

At the sound of that name the Arab trembled, for he knew that no king's officer had been more persistent in driving petty robbers from the plains of Damascus than had Julian. But presently he recovered himself, seeming to think that, were the man's assertion true, the opposing force was not strong enough to be feared.

"If you be Julian," he cried, "you have come forth with a small retinue. But what seek you?"

"I have come to take from you those prisoners that you hold. Deliver them up to me, and I will trouble you no more."

"And suppose that I should refuse to do any such thing?" "Then I should be forced to take them from you. As I address you, I recognize you as you are. If I am not greatly mistaken, you are Albia, the Arab—a villain who lives by robbing women and old men."

had mistaken his man, if he thought to touch any vulnerable point. Julian knocked his weapon up, and quickly drove him from his horse; and then, seeking to make quick work of it, and feeling no great sympathy for women-stealers, he simply rode the Arab leader down, clapping upon his hands as he fell.

Shabal was close at hand when Albia dropped, and quickly as possible he possessed himself of the fallen man's sword, and was just in season to join in the conflict as three of the Arabs had attacked Julian. The young chieftain struck down one of them by a winding blow across the bare neck, but he might have had severe work with the other two had not help arrived; for the rescuers were strong, and the death of their leader had given them new impulse to conquer. It was not the impulse of revenge. No, no. The death of Albia was left more gold for those who survived. But the unexpected arrival of the freed slave upon his knees gave a new turn to the tide. One of the Arabs he struck down from behind, and the other one alone proved no match for the stalwart chieftain.

In the meantime Holoaddan, with Omir and Selim, had disposed of the others. Two they had slain, and two had taken to flight.

(To be continued.)

### NOVEL GLASS BLOWING.

Colimated Compressed Air Instead of the Bunsen Burner.

Up to the present time the art of blowing glass by means of compressed air has been limited to bottles and similar articles of small size, but a process is being exploited in Germany, the invention of Paul Sievert of Dresden, by which bottles and other large tanks can be made with the greatest ease. This process of blowing such articles originated in this country at Pittsburgh just twenty years ago, but it has remained for a long time to perfect it, and Mr. Sievert says that there is almost no limit to the size of the articles which can be made by his process. He has already made a number of bottles which are said to have many advantages over those of metal and porcelain, the principal one being the economy of the glass. The tub is five feet six inches long, and about two feet wide, and consists of one piece of solid glass about two inches and a half thick.

This thing was made completely in about five minutes. The other things shown are made for special manufacturing purposes, and Mr. Sievert thinks that he will soon be able to supply all the tanks and vats used in the various arts and industries for which clay, wood, cement and metal are now used, notably by brewers, distillers, fruit preservers and sugar refiners. The method of manufacturing these articles is said to be very simple. The glass is taken from the furnace while at red heat, and in a liquid form, and placed in the mold, which may be readily swung into any desired position. Compressed air is then admitted through a flexible tube which connects with the bottom of the mold, the flow through which can be regulated by means of valves. As soon as the article is finished it is carried by a mechanical device to an annealing chamber, where it is again heated and then allowed to cool, after which process it is ready for use.—Patent Record.

### BROKE BLAINE'S ROOM.

Ex-Governor Newell's Medical Opinion Turned Jealous Brigs.

Friends of the late William A. Newell, once Governor of New Jersey, have recalled an old story in which he figures as the rock upon which the Presidential hopes of James G. Blaine were wrecked in 1876. The ex-Governor, who was a physician as well as a politician, was a delegate to the Republican national convention in that year, and he was prominent among those members of the New Jersey delegation who favored Mr. Blaine's nomination. While the struggle for the various aspirants was in progress, the news came that Mr. Blaine had been stricken with what was variously described as apoplexy and sunstroke. This event was eagerly seized upon by the two or three Jersey delegates who favored Mr. Cookling, and these, hearing that Dr. Newell had expressed a fear that the effects of such a "stroke" as Mr. Blaine had suffered might seriously and permanently affect his mental faculties, saw an opportunity, as they thought, to help their candidate. They secured a conference of the delegates, and, when it had met, they called upon the ex-Governor to give his opinion, as a medical man, as to whether, in the circumstances, it would be prudent to nominate the Maine statesman. The answer, given with extreme reluctance and regret, and of course entirely sincere, was in the negative. Mr. Blaine's mind was immediately broken, but their vote, ultimately went, not to Mr. Cookling, but to Mr. Hayes. Those who like to ascribe great effects to small causes saw at the time, in the inaccurate, long-distance diagnosis of Dr. Newell the explanation of Mr. Blaine's failure to reach the Presidency; for they say that, though he was defeated in 1876, if he had been nominated, he would have been elected.—New York Times.

### Elephant Plays Organ.

Recently in Bedford, Ind., during the morning parade of the well-known Robinson circus, a freight train intersected the procession, forcing a halt along the rear half, which included the string of eleven elephants that the show carries. During the performance these elephants perform upon musical instruments, and on this occasion a hand organ played by a pachyderm called Tom. Drawn near the street curbing on that particular day was an Italian with his organ, waiting for the parade to halt. Along came the elephants and Tom halted directly before the instrument. "Pick it up," he spoke out for the elephants to catch hold of each other's tails when the march begins, and it is also Tom's turn to grind the organ in the circus. When the sharp command came from the keeper Tom was in despair because the elephant in front of him didn't have any tail, and in his excitement he wheeled directly toward the organ, grabbed the handle and began to grind out a tune to the screaming delight of the colonels and the band of the Italian, who turned and fled, leaving the organ to its fate and the sorry of the harmless giant.

Remble Beginning of a Great Actor. Wilson Barrett's first appearance on the stage was in the character of "general utility man," at the humble salary of a guinea a week.

## The Weekly Panorama.

Lord Kitchener's Demands.

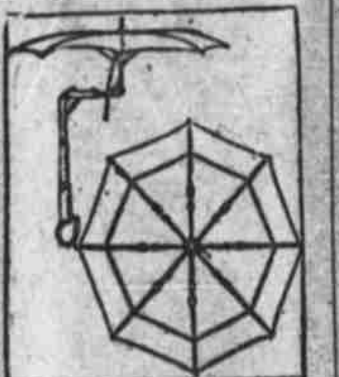
It is evident that the British War office is confronted with a disconcerting problem. The official announcement has been made that Lord Kitchener has asked for 25,000 more war materiel and munitions to crush the Boers and the disaffected Cape Dutch.

The commander-in-chief also demands the plebeian power to hang rebels, traitors and murderers without reference to the home government. According to his recent proclamation all Boers found with arms after Sept. 15 may be included under this category.

The idea of allowing Lord Kitchener to hang prisoners of war is repugnant to the British people, as it is to the rest of the civilized world, yet it is believed that his demands are in the nature of a ultimatum to the War office. Goaded by the humiliation of recent defeats he threatens to resign unless he is allowed to crush the Boers by his own methods.

### A Folding Umbrella.

Elma Rita Morrison, a Florida girl, has been granted a patent on a folding umbrella, intended principally for cyclists' use. When an ordinary umbrella is attached to the head of a wheel it is either too far forward to afford much protection or else lies in a slanting position. In the new model this fault is overcome by the double angle formed in the handle.



handle, the elbows being straightened by jointed braces to support the frame as rigidly as a straight stick. The lower portion of the handle is in three telescoping sections, and at the lower end is a steel clamping band by which the umbrella is attached to the handle bar of the bicycle.

The ribs of the umbrella top, as shown in the illustration, fold in the middle, and there is an ingenious arrangement whereby the rider, by pulling a cord, can lower the umbrella. It can be folded into a small compass and hung on the bicycle frame.

### American Cities Only.

London, Glasgow, Manchester and any other British cities regulate transparencies, electric-flash signs, sign lights and the size of letters permissible in posters. Dover, England, requires a license for all street signs and notices within a window. France and Belgium tax street signs. It is only American cities that permit themselves to be blighted all over with huge signs and billboards, and to the expense to accommodate them.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Long and Short Men in British Marines.

These men belong to the guard of honor on the British war ship Ophir.



Sergeant Dacombe, R. M. A., is six feet four inches and is a gymnastic instructor. The little man is Lance Corporal Withers, who belongs to the R. M. L. I.

### Caring a King.

When King Edward, then Prince of Wales, arrived at Homburg a year ago, he turned the scales at 225 pounds; in twelve days he had reduced his weight five pounds, and when his "cure" was completed he weighed 228 pounds. On arriving at Homburg this year the British sovereign weighed 240 pounds.

### Roosevelt in Church.

Without exciting any more interest than if he were a private citizen President Roosevelt attends services in the Grace Reformed Church, Washington. He walks to the church, attended only by his private secretary, William Loeb.

As soon as he is seated the President bows his head in silent prayer, according to the custom of the church. Then he picks up a small black volume entitled Forms and Hymns, and turns its well-worn pages to the prayers which he knows the pastor, Dr. Schick, is to offer. The gray-haired and smooth-faced preacher repeats this prayer, which the President follows closely.

English mail for Australia is delivered in 21 days when sent by way of the United States, the quickest route.

## As the World Revolves

A Southern Beauty.

Miss Frances Coleman, daughter of one of the oldest families in Virginia, and a noted beauty, is visiting New York friends, and is receiving much attention in the exclusive set. She is a rich brunette, with a complexion that excites the envy of Gotham's handmaid.



FRANCES COLEMAN.

not women. Beautiful eyes add to her physical charms, and she is also highly gifted intellectually. She has frequently been spoken of as the Flower of Virginia.

### Queen Anne's Scepter.

Queen Anne has again fallen on evil days. Her scepter has recently got broken and there is nobody to mend it. The first commissioner of works has no power, as the City of London statutes do not come within his province. The dean and chapter of Westminster Cathedral cry out and the scepter remains broken and bent. This state of affairs reproduces the conditions under which the old statue became a standing disgrace. It was erected in 1712, having been sculptured by Francis Bird to commemorate the completion of the cathedral. Queen Anne herself gave the marble for the statue. Bird was paid £250 for his work.



### IT REMAINS UNMENDED.

figure and £250 for each of the four figures represented at its base, representing England, Ireland, France and America. After a great deal of trouble the present statue, which is an exact replica of the first one, was unveiled by the lord mayor on Dec. 15, 1866, at a cost of £2,000.

### Mr. Gage's Surplus Plan.

Secretary Gage is said to have thought out with great care a plan for keeping the surplus revenues of the government in circulation. The plan as reported is, in brief, to make all the national banks in all clearing-house cities public depositories and to deposit all the government receipts in them, prorating on the basis of their capital and other available assets, the government claim in each case to be a first lien on all the assets of the bank. Mr. Gage would require the banks to pay interest—say at the rate of 2 per cent—on the government deposits, and require no security beyond the first lien on assets.—Chicago Chronicle.

### A Cheeky Broker.

A New York broker who boasted acquaintance with J. Pierpont Morgan wrote to the multi-millionaire asking for an invitation to view the yacht races on Mr. Morgan's yacht Corsair. The magnate answered regretting that he had loaned his yacht to a friend, adding: "If you think you would care to go on the yacht of either Mr. Gould, Mr. Goetz, Colonel Astor or any of the others that may be going down the bay, I will try to get an invitation for you, and you will assume whoever may take you that they will have the honor of entertaining the cheekiest man I ever heard of."

### A Plutocratic Playmaker.

Victorien Sardou was trained to be a doctor, but drifted into play writing and had very hard early struggles. He is now, however, a very rich man, and resides in a summer residence that cost him \$150,000. If an ignorant theatrical manager ventures to suggest an alteration in one of Sardou's plays the author roars, "Not a word—not a word—not a syllable!" Even the actresses are in his power, for he decides the color of their dresses.

### Build Cigar-Shaped Nests.

Among beetles there are, says a naturalist who has been recently studying them, a few families which spend much of their time in constructing novel nurseries for their little ones. A nursery of this kind looks at a distance like a cigar hanging from a tree, but it is really a number of



THE BEETLES' NEST. leaves which have been rolled by a beetle into the shape of a cigar.

In doing this work the little insect displays remarkable intelligence, for each leaf is rolled deftly and carefully, and now and then the beetle pauses to give the cigar a little twist, so that it will hold together, and others sew them with a fine fiber.

## News and Views

### Mr. Cramp Objects.

Mr. Charles H. Cramp, the veteran naval shipbuilder, has created a sensation by his letter to the navy department condemning the application of the superimposed turret to the recent type of battleship. These torments are, to use the vernacular, two stories in design, the upper enclosures containing, generally, eight-inch rifles, and the lower, twelve-inch.

lower the usual heavy long twelve-inch guns. They have been adopted after much discussion in the American navy after having been discontinued in every other navy.

The comment of Mr. Cramp, coming from a practical shipbuilder of the highest repute, deserves and will receive the highest consideration, and appears to be based upon the experience of naval men in actual engagements, as well as upon his own judgment. A number of the heaviest of recent battleships have been fitted with this type of turret, which has, however, never been in use in battle, but this fact, in Mr. Cramp's estimation, to further complicate the handling of the guns in the turret, already difficult by reason of the meager view of the target afforded by the gun's base. Indeed, Mr. Cramp advocates torments entirely open at the top, holding that the chances of displacement from a shot falling in the turret are so meager as to make the room worthless, while it prevents ventilation and otherwise embarrasses the gun crew.

### The Old and the New.

Turn from the Herald, the Sun, the Tribune or the Times of today and glance over an issue of the same journals during the month of September, 1851. It is the paucity of personal news in the old newspaper, the overflowing abundance of it today, that strikes the attention and denotes the contrast; the great space now given to reports of minor events, petty things, of which no one may have interest for many persons, but which in the aggregate make the modern newspaper indispensable to legions of readers, while the best and greatest of the newspapers of fifty years ago were easily dispensed with by the larger part of the community.—New York Times.

### General Corbin to Wed.

Announcement has been made in Washington that the marriage of Major General H. C. Corbin, adjutant-general in the army, and Miss Edythe Patten will take place in this city at the residence of the bride Nov. 6.

### Miss Edythe Patten.

General H. C. Corbin, adjutant-general in the army, and Miss Edythe Patten will take place in this city at the residence of the bride Nov. 6.

### Plan for the Chinese.

Minister Wu Tiang-fang is right. There should be no tag to the admission of Chinese students in this country. We stand at the gate of Pekin demanding that China shall civilize herself, yet when she picks the best of her youth and sends them to this land to learn civilization, we send them back without even permitting them to land. There is a deal of humbug about this.—Brooklyn Eagle.

### Swallow's Excuse.

Dr. Swallow, who was a candidate for the governorship at the last election, nominated by the Prohibition party, has lately come into prominence by certain utterances in his paper concerning Mr. McKinley, which the sentiment of the community found distasteful at this time of grief and anger. Dr. Swallow has explained these utterances as having been intended as political comment only, and not by way of reflection upon the dead President. It is nevertheless felt that whatever criticism may have suggested itself to an opponent of Mr. McKinley regarding his tolerance of his use of wine as public ceremonies or otherwise was, at the least, utterly untimely. Dr. Swallow and those who subscribe to his tenets are in no different position, however, in many other unreflecting persons to whom no occasion is grave enough to overcome a detail of profane practice in which they may be particularly interested. The tolerance of the community is apt to ignore their untimely speeches and to forgive the authors, says Philadelphia Times